

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1874.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 50, 2
NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, 9

THE

Enquirer-Southerner.
FRIDAY. : : : : SEPT. 4, 1874
A SCHOOL GIRLS FORTUNE

The last day at school? Examination, with its troublesome points and knotty sums was over; exhibition, and with its white muslin rosettes, reds, and blue-ribboned diplomas, was at an end; and Effie Parker knew that she was about to enter on the threshold of a new life.

day. The school dawns them; but Effie was unlike other girls in more respects than one.

Effie Parker was an orphan, under the rather reluctant guardianship of a bachelor uncle, and his house was all the home she looked forward to. Other young graduates were talking of their parents and brothers and sisters; even of their pet birds and plants; but

"I wouldn't cry!" said Lucy Brown, bouncing upon her solitude, and throwing both plump arms about her neck. "Tell me, Effie, what makes you cry?"

"Because I am so—so lone—some!" sobbed poor Effie.

"O, nonsense!" cried Lucy Brown. "Why should you cry? You might indeed, with some show of reason—"

“If you were like me, booked to go out as a governess, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. For I haven’t even an uncle to go to!”

Lucy was a short, plump dumpling of a girl, with brown hair curling in close, short rings all over her head, big blue eyes like those of a china doll, and just enough of an upward curve to her nose to give

her an indescribable air of sauciness. And she wore gingham dresses because they were cheap, and washed her ribbons in gum-arabic water, and darned her gloves until they were more 'mend' than material. And withal, she was the most piquant and stylish looking little girl in all Madame Metours's establishment.

'But I'm afraid of Uncle Ger-

'Does he scold?' asked Lucy, sympathetically.

'N—no, but—'

'I'll go home with you,' said Lucy. 'Come! My engagement to teach the nine little boys of Mrs. McManahan does not begin until next month, and I'd as soon go home with you as to stay there.'

'Two of 'em!' ejaculated Mr.

Gerald Vane, dropping his niece's letter in despair. 'Mrs. Caldwell—'

'Sir?' said the trim housekeeper, whose cap borders were a marvel of clear starch and Italian fluting.

'There's two of 'em coming.'

'Dear me, sir! is there indeed?' said Mrs. Caldwell. 'All the better, I should say. The old house need brightening up a little; it's as dull as a convent.'

'And what is to become of my scientific experiments in natural history investigations, I should like

'Well, sir,' coughed Mrs. Caldwell, 'if it aint making too bold, I think you're too much wrapped up in them heathenish doings. And two nice little girls to educate

'Two nice little girls? Are you mad, Mrs. Caldwell? Why, my niece is eighteen at least, and the other one—Lucy Brown she calls her must be as old, if not older.'

'Dear heart, sir, you're forty-six

and I'm ten good years more," said Mrs. Caldwell, arranging the folds of the crimson damask curtains "and if these ain't little girls compared to us, I should respectfully like to know what you would call them."

Mrs. Caldwell courted and retired, cogitating within herself what she should do to tempt the appetites of the expected newcomers.

Oh, isn't this nice," said Mrs. Brown, dancing about the broad mosaic paved hall in a sort of impromptu valse-step. "Oh, I should like to live here always. I; dear me what have I done?"

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Caldwell, 'it's one of the master's chemicals as he fusses over like they was liquid gold.'

'No,' said Lucy, valiantly.—

Merdeslun vas der oldes grand-
ader veget dose times. He cood
old you ail about it.

Lazarus vas der poor man. Dey
don't go no free lunches in dose
times und he vas always skirmishin
aboud for grub.

Yoseph's pig brudder got yellous
of him because he vorc a spotted

boat und sold him fer twenty dol-
ars. An after avile he give um
some roading ears und made it all
right.

A Stuttering Story.

S—— lived in an eastern city ;
he shuttered awfully. R—— lived
in the same city. S—— kept a cor-

R—No, sir, I don't; but I'll tell you where you can sell the whole lot. Do you see that sign, S—'s?

Countryman—Ta-ta-thank you. Then he turned his horse and drove up to the store. By the time he reached there R., with a choice collection of friends, occupied box seats at the side door. The countryman entered, and it didn't take long for each one to make up his mind.

The countryman spoke first.
Says he, "Goo-goo-good mor-mor-morning, si-si-sir."
S—Goo-goo-good mor-mor-morning, your, your se-se-self.
C—Do-do-do you wa-wa-want to buy-buy-buy any whi-whi-white se-be-beans?"

S—No-no-no I do-do-don't. Who-who-who you mock-mock-mocking, i-si-sir?
C—Who-who-who are you-you you mo-mo-mocking your sel-self?
S—Ge-ge-get out of my-my-my to-sto-store, you-you t-t-thunderin' o-old scou-scou-secondrell, you-ten-ten-

Here S. seized a two pound weight and rushed for him; but R. and his friend ran in and stopped a fight. The madder a stuttering man gets, the more he stutters, so you can imagine where the lunch was.

BATHUR'S INDUSTRIOUS.—There was a bishop in Dublin who engaged a painter to make a large picture for the cathedral. The subject chosen was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. After a time the picture was completed and hung in

the cathedral, covered by a heavy curtain, and a great crowd of people assembled to see it unveiled. All faces were turned in expectation to the curtain. But lo! when it was drawn aside, nothing could be seen but a vast expanse of water. Then the bishop turned to the artist and exclaimed:

'I thought I asked you to paint a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea!'

'True for you; that's just it,' said the painter.

'But where are the Israelites?' asked the indignant bishop.

'They're gone over,' said the painter.

HUGGINS AGAIN DRUNK.—The fog does not agree with some people. During the recent fog a gentleman living on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, returned home in the evening very fatigued. He said to his wife:

M'ris; losses go to bed.
 What did you say? asked his wife.
 Losses grow bed.
 What in Heaven's name is the
 matter with you? asked the uncom-
 prehending wife.
 Donno. Guess rits et frog.
 Frogs? said the wife, with con-
 tempt in every tone of her voice.

He is disgusted with this treatment of him by the partner of his income. But women, he says, never could understand scientific matters.

They don't know the difference between fog and whisky.

Tom Hood wrote to his wife: I never was anything until I knew you—and I have been better, happier and a more prosperous man ever since. Lay that truth by in lavender, and remind me of it when

I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly, but not without good cause.—First your own affectionate letter, lately received; next the remembrance of our dear children, pledges of our own familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowing of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that

your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth and excellence, of all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen.

100